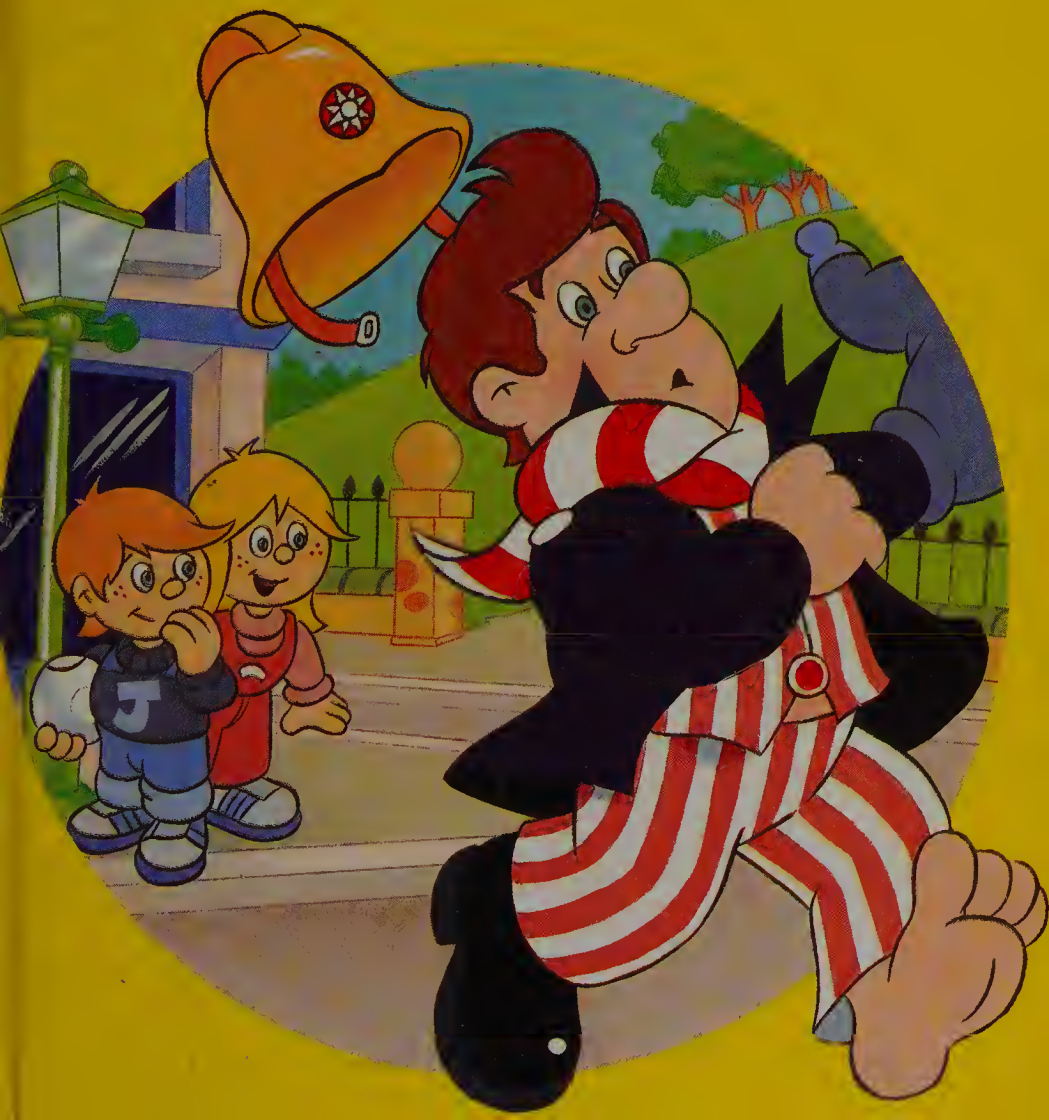




FIREMAN SAM

SAM'S FORGETFUL DAY







Sam's Forgetful Day

Fireman Sam has a very forgetful day!

FIREMAN SAM



SAM'S FORGETFUL DAY

**Written and drawn
by Rob Lee**

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One evening Sam was about to set the alarm for the following morning, when he dropped the clock.

“That’s torn it,” said Sam in dismay, as he examined the broken clock. “How will I wake up on time now?”





Sam's hobby was making gadgets and contraptions, so he decided to invent a new alarm clock. But Sam found it wasn't as easy as he thought.

"I can't seem to get the jiggle sprocket to fit the fiddle flange," muttered Sam.

It was midnight by the time he came out of his inventing shed.

Eventually, he collected up his bits and pieces of machinery and began fixing them to the wall above his bed.

“If it goes to plan the ratchet wurgler will hit the grommet switch, setting off the alarms,” said Sam hopefully, as he climbed into bed.



Next morning, the alarm worked perfectly. In fact, it made such a noise that it woke up everybody in the street . . . everybody except Sam, that is, who didn't even stir – he was so tired from staying up late!



Eventually Sam woke up.

"Great fires of London!" he cried. "I didn't hear the alarm."

Sam jumped out of bed in a panic and made for the stairs. "I'll be in Station Officer Steele's bad books if I'm late on duty."





Sam sprang into action, sliding down the bannister fireman-style, grabbing his tunic and helmet on the way.

"If I step on it I might just make it," panted Sam, as he dashed out of the door, dressing as he went.



Sam was in such a panic, worrying about the time, that he didn't realise he was getting all his clothes mixed up! And when he rushed past Sarah and James he looked a strange sight indeed! Sarah and James couldn't believe their eyes, and called out to their Uncle Sam.

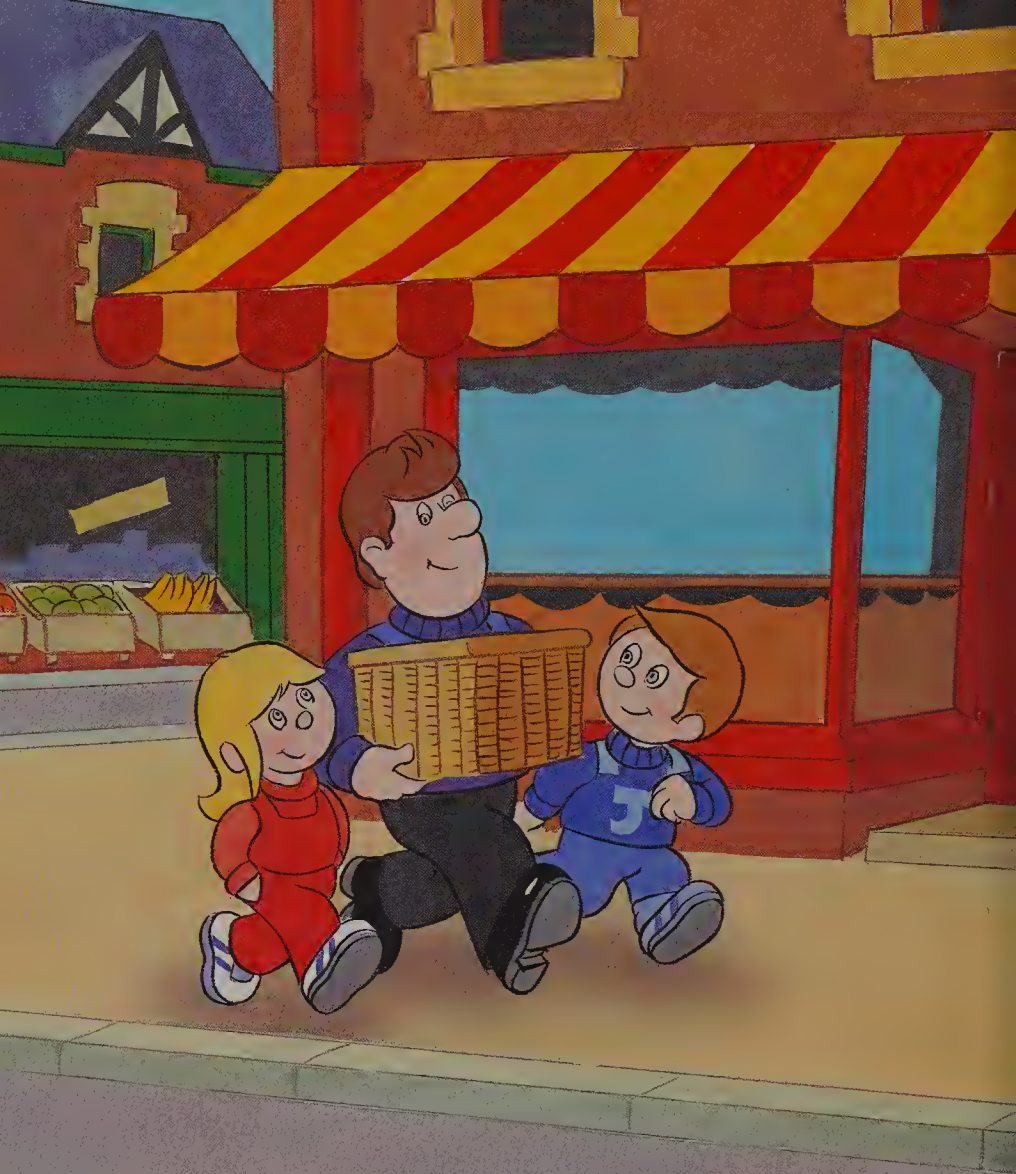
"I can't stop, children," called Sam. "I'm late for work."

"But it's your day off, today," laughed Sarah.

"That's why you invited us to go for a picnic," giggled James.

Sam felt very embarrassed. "Of course it is," he groaned. "All that rushing for nothing."





Later, Sam and the children were walking towards Bella's Cafe.

"A nice quiet day off is just what I need," said Sam. "We'll pop into Bella's and fill the hamper up with goodies for the picnic."

"Yummee!" said the children, licking their lips.



Bella was a friendly Italian lady who owned the cafe. She usually made a fuss of Sarah and James, but today she was nowhere to be seen.

“Bella!” called Sam.

Bella’s head popped out from under the table.

“What on earth are you doing under there?” asked a puzzled Sam.

“I can’t find Rosa, my kitten,” said Bella.
“I’ve-a-looked everywhere for her.”

“I’m sure she’ll turn up,” said Sam. “We’ll keep a sharp look-out for her when we go on our picnic.”

Bella thanked Sam and then filled up the hamper with lots of the children’s favourite food.



Later, in the countryside, Sam and the children were about to get stuck into the cream cake and jelly, when Sarah spotted the kitten.

“Look!” cried Sarah. “There’s Bella’s cat, Rosa, in that tree.”





“Leave this to me,” said Sam confidently. But as he approached the tree, Rosa darted back inside the hollow trunk. Sam peered inside the hole.

“It’s dark in here,” he said. “I can’t see a thing ... ouch! I can’t get my head out either!”

Sam struggled for all he was worth.



But the more Sam struggled, the more stuck he became. Eventually, Sarah and James had to come to his rescue. They tugged and tugged him until his head popped out of the hole.

“Phew! That was a sticky situation,” said a relieved Sam. “Thank goodness you were here.”

Sam wasn't quite sure what to do next when James shouted, "There she is, Uncle Sam!"

Sam looked up to see that Rosa had climbed further up the tree.

"Don't worry," said Sam to Sarah and James. "Firemen are trained to deal with situations like this."



Sam climbed nimbly up the tree and inched his way towards Rosa. Just as he reached her, the kitten leapt out of the tree to the ground.

“Forest fires!” groaned Sam, as he hung on to a branch. “Well at least she’s down safely. Now it’s my turn.”





Sam came down quicker than he'd planned as the branch snapped and fell to the ground, with Sam still hanging on to it!

"Oof!" wheezed Sam, as he hit the ground.

The sudden noise frightened Rosa and off she dashed.

“Are you all right, Uncle Sam?” asked Sarah.

“Ahem! Yes, I’m ... er fine,” coughed Sam, as he hurriedly brushed himself down. “But where’s Rosa?”

They spotted her sitting on a rock in the middle of a mud pond.

“Now what?” asked the children.



"I've got an idea," said Sam triumphantly. He dragged a log on to the pond and began to inch his way along it.

"Be careful, Uncle Sam," called the children.

"Don't worry," he replied. "To a trained fireman, this is as easy as falling off a log."



And that was exactly what he did!
Sam wobbled more and more, until he fell
into the muddy pond with a SPLUDGE!

“Gloop,” he gurgled.

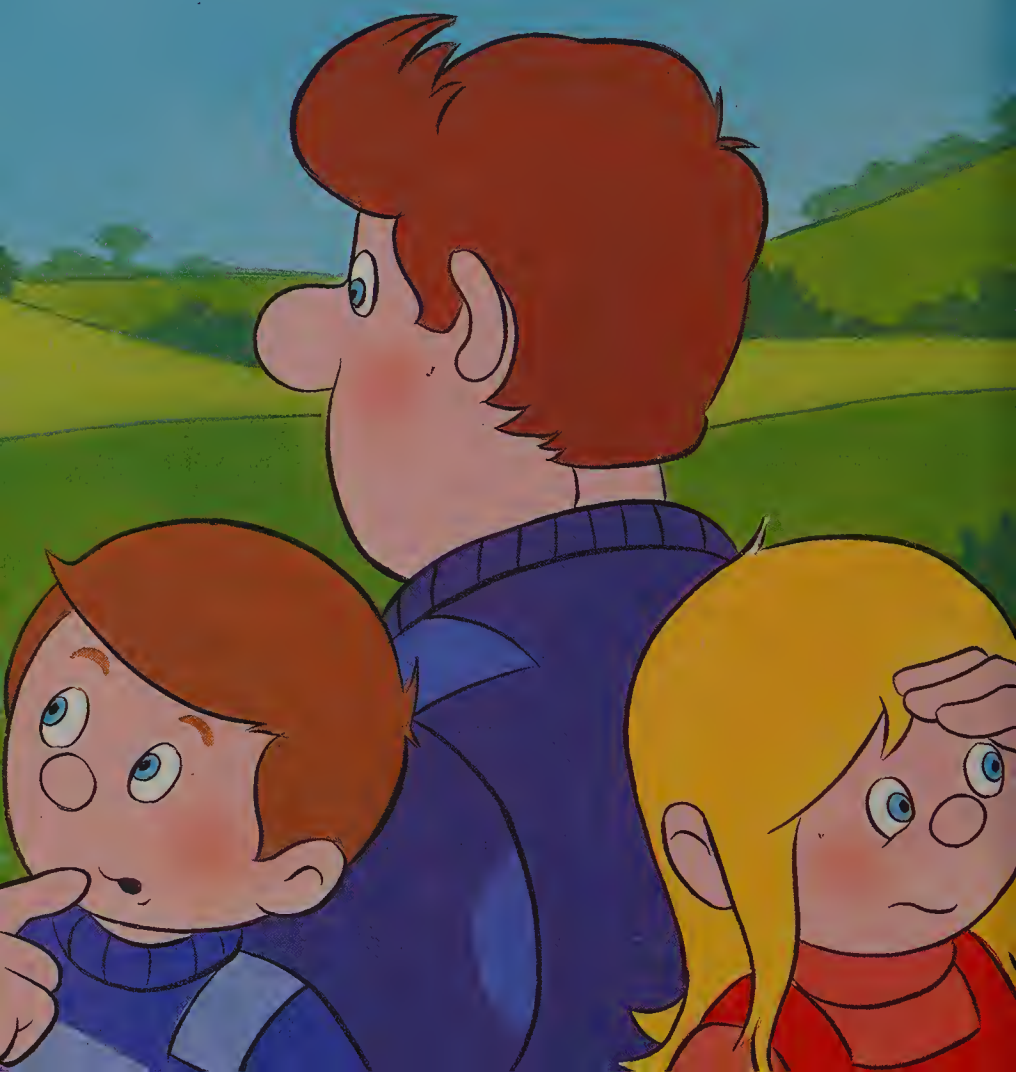
“I wonder if that takes much training?”
said Sarah.

Meanwhile, Rosa scampered across the
log to dry land.



Sam staggered to his feet and wiped off the mud. "Let's go back to our picnic," said Sam. "I've got more chance of catching a cold than catching a kitten!"

When they had finished their picnic, Sam and the children had one last look for Rosa. But, unsuccessful, they headed home.



When they got back to Bella's, Sam explained what had happened.

"I'm-a-sorry Rosa caused you so much-a-trouble," said Bella.

"No trouble," replied Sam. "I'm just sorry that I didn't manage to catch her."

Just then they heard a *meow* coming from the direction of the hamper.





Bella took the lid off the hamper. "Cara mia!" she cried. "My-a-Rosa must have hidden in your hamper-a-thinking it was her cat basket."

Rosa purred merrily away at the sight of Bella.

"All's well that ends well," laughed Sam.

Later at the fire station, Station Officer Steele and 'Elvis' Cridlington were surprised to see Sam walk in.

"What are you doing here?" asked Steele. "It's your day off!"

"I've decided to come to work instead," said Sam. "My day off was too much like hard work!"









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